

Northern Fire

by islay12

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Summary: How fitting the Mother of Dragons would be aided by the Tamer of Dragons; her children need no taming, but there is no doubt the two of them were a legend in the making.

## 1. Prologue: The Milk Eyed Man

**\*\*Title: \*\***Northern Fire

**\*\*Crossover: \*\***George R.R Martin's A Song of Ice and Fire & Dreamwork's How to Train Your Dragon

**\*\*Genre:\*\*** Adventure, Drama, Fantasy, Romance

**\*\*Summary: \*\***How fitting the Mother of Dragons would be aided by the Tamer of Dragons; her children need no taming, but there is no doubt the two of them were a legend in the making.

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\*** It has been a while since I have used this website and I plan to do this correctly. It is without a beta at the moment, but I will comb over each chapter well before posting. The idea to combine the two universes is not mine, it comes from AvannaK's Dany and Hiccup drabbles. Additionally Hiccup's journey will be very inspired by AvannaK's story Hitchups, which I highly recommend. Dany's world is also much harder to navigate than Hiccup's, so I have to give credit to DeviantART's scrollsofaryavart for their beautifully accurate maps of Westeros, Essos, and Sothoryos.

Hiccup's journey will begin when Astrid discovers Toothless, however diverging from canon, Hiccup will leave as planned. He is fourteen. Dany's story begins at the end of A Storm of Swords, where she decides to rule Meereen before conquering more territory. Dany is sixteen, going on seventeen. I have opted to stay ignorant of Martin's plans for Dany in Meereen and create my own plot for her. As the summary suggests, I plan to make a legend of these two; the story

will alternate perspectives like in Martin's books, however the tone will be closer to the darker moments of the Dreamworks film. I enjoy both stories very much and look forward to what will come of this; I hope you enjoy \_Northern Fire. \_

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><p><strong><em>Prologue: The Milk Eyed Man<em>\*\*

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><p>Around a campfire, in the shadow of the cursed castle of Harrenhall three travellers rested. One was a young peasant, his stomach curving in as it growled for more than the simple fare of hard cheese offered by his companions. The outlaw with his black mask rested without it now, his tattered face had been handsome before the Starks and the Lannisters started fighting. Now it was weathered and tired, even as he jested and crackled off colour jokes at the expense of the starved man to his left. The third however, was a man in the furs of a wildling far from home. Below the Wall, perhaps fleeing like his kin, although he had not mentioned his purpose thus far. His milky white eyes suggested blindness, but he could see as well as any other man, perhaps even better.<p>

"Master Wilderness, tell us a story." The outlaw chuckled, his words cracked as much as his parched tongue did. The peasant passed him a cup with melted snow but he refused.

The trees behind the milk eyed man caught the shadows from the flames. The peasant huddled closer in his cloak, sipping his autumn snow as the man stayed silent. He expected an owl to jump out to speak for his companion. Luck would have it though it would just be a tale.

"You say you want a story? What about?" The milk eyed man asked, his voice more vigorous than ever before. The peasant wondered how it was their aged companion was healthier than the two others combined, but he didn't speak up out of fear. Since they had sat down so close to the haunted fief he had been worrying about the ghosts who drew men to their deaths; it wasn't hard to imagine the flicker in those white eyes to be otherworldly in nature, even without the ghost stories whispering in his ear.

The outlaw laughed. "Tell us about beyond the Wall. That must be where you're from, looking like that. Or what about a legend? Something grand, like the dragons of old Valyria."

The milk eyed man chuckled darkly, sending a chill up their spines not from any autumn wind they knew. The flames leapt higher, twigs crackling and snapping in the heat like bones. Their companion put down his own cup of snow and looked at them with his white gaze. "You want to hear of Valyrian dragons? Ha, I will tell you the true origin of those monstrous lizards, something you slaves of the south have never even questioned."

"Slaves?" The peasant asked.

"Aye slaves. You think you know everything down below this Wall, even where the true nature of creatures lie. I tell you all nothing of it is true. It has been centuries since you have been able to look to

the skies and see scales and tooth above you. Dragons have vanquished from even from the Iron Throne, as it is the usurpers not the dynasty who sit their unworthy feet on the banner of wings and valour. The presence of the auld beasts have faded here, drying up so much it's like they were only just stories to scare younglings like you around a fire."

"We're not scared." The outlaw declared, the peasant would have disagreed but the ice was making it's way up his spine so deftly he thought it wiser to let the milk eyed man continue.

"Yes you are, scared little fools who think this just a story. If dragons were truly gone, then how could any spells work in the whole wide world? Dragons are the root of magic! Even your little educated masses deny that their brews work better when the hatchlings were born to the Unburnt. They think it just a fluke because they think they know everything." The milk eyed man threw his head back in laughter, snow white teeth glittering in the firelight. "It is dragons! Big and small they bring magic to the hands of even the poorest man, showing him how to use the fire within.

"Ah but chained fools don't travel far, none are explorers who look for the root of their powers. If they just crossed the sea they'd find the Unburnt and her children, the legendary stormborn who will take back her birthright and raise it from the ashes. She will reduce this land to dust and cherish the remains of her people."

"The Unburnt? Who is this?" The outlaw asked.

"She is the Queen of Queens, the mother of dragons. Just this very moment she had awakened three eggs and brought the magic back to her own lands across the sea; she is the old blood, from the far south; Valyria like you spoke of. She is coming for Westeros, but even she is blind to the root of the magic she used to awaken her children." The milk eyed man whispered reverently, "The queen herself is blind like many think me. Ah but she will not be blind long."

"You speak of the Targaryen brat, the whelp whom King Robert could not kill right?" The outlaw asked before roaring with laughter. "The horselord slut? Ha! as if she had dragons."

"Fool!" The milk eyed man stood. "You doubt my words? You are speaking of the most beautiful and terrifying woman the world will ever know. She will have your head peeled and fed to her children for a quick bite; she is the blood of the dragon and you will be wise to bow when she comes to the Westerosi shores." The flames cracked and spat sparks at his words, fury in his breath as he spoke.

The peasant broke his silence a second time. "What is the Queen blind to?"

The milk eyed man smiled. "The root. Your masters are not explorers and never crossed the Wall to my lands. They never travelled far north to the seas and archipelagos of the free men; but even we wildings could have conquered the world if they had only made a boat and met our northern neighbours." He let the wind whip his hair, whispering the words to let them carry and rise. "They are called Vikings, fiercer than us 'wildings', braver than Dothraki, and more vicious than bandits; they are leagues north where the seas turn to underfoot and the skies are black half the year, even in the middle

of summer. It is the Vikings who make their titles and forge their lives around defending their shores from dragons.

"It is in the icy north, not Valyria where dragons are made. True dragons, the multi faceted and fierce of claw are born in the land of the Vikings. On the roof of the world, far beyond any lands of Essos or Sothoryos, or Westeros, there is a volcanic island housed in ice where once a year the eggs are lain and hatched. It is amongst the frost and fire is where true dragons were born. The Northern Fire are the root of all magic and wonder in the world."

"How long ago did these Vikings and their enemy dragons die out?" The outlaw jeered.

"Did you not listen to what I said? I said they 'are'." The milk eyed man impressed. "At this very moment a youngling is mounting the head of a Nightmare on a pike, a chief is ripping the wings off a Zippleback, and the bravest of them all is defying their laws to do as the Valyrians once did."

"What did the Valyrians do?"

The milk eyed man looked at the outlaw like it was obvious. "They rode them."

The wind was the only thing heard for a while around the campfire, the bizarre idea that dragons of the thousands still flew around them was absurd to believe. How could one think it was true when they hadn't seen dragons for centuries- but even so, the outlaw had heard whispers of hatchlings across the sea, a million whispers from a million people, all with the same message: dragons lived across the sea, they breathed as well as any person. Even the peasant had heard the stories, strange though it seemed to him who had never encountered more than a spotted toad. Magic returning seemed too miraculous to be true in a way.

The peasant broke the silence for a third time. "You said the Vikings would have a rule breaker, and the queen would learn the truthâ€¦"

The milk eyed man peered at the peasant queerly. He chuckled darkly. "So I did Sharp Ears. The queen will be awakened to the truth of dragons, like you and your friend are right now. The Viking traitor will ride the dragons like no one has seen before. His destiny will be intertwined with the Unburnt, carved into the stone of the world itself. He and She will be known for centuries; his own titles being the Tamer of a Million Flames, the Consort of the Storm, and the Unbeatable Rider; but in truth it is his destiny to stand by the Queen of Queens, to be the wings to her birthright. It is the Mother of Dragons who he will serve; she, who could birth a dragon as if she breathed the mother flame herself. They will be great."

The fire danced and the icy winds blew as the milk eyed man uttered the last words with finality, a prophecy and a declaration: "The Rider and the Mother of Dragons."

## 2. Denounced

\*\*Title: \*\*\_Northern Fire\_

**\*\*Crossover:\*\***George R.R Martin's \_A Song of Ice and Fire\_ & Dreamwork's \_How to Train Your Dragon\_

**\*\*Summary:** \*\*How fitting the Mother of Dragons would be aided by the Tamer of Dragons; her children need no taming, but there is no doubt the two of them were a legend in the making.

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\*** This chapter will be more canon heavy; however as this is a Universe Alteration (UA) I have opted to tweak the scene so it works better in the narrative. Thank you to cklondon for editing.

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><p><strong><em>Chapter 1: Denounced<em>\*\*

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><p>He clipped his harness on, slinging his pack down over the solid cliff face. The cove was quiet in the twilight, almost peaceful if one didn't know a dragon resided amongst the grass and rocks. Hiccup shook his hair out of his eyes, swallowing back the bad news he had been fed earlier that day. It was hard to get away from his father and the others, every one of them cheering and hailing him as their future chief, as if by pushing a few dragons into their cages he was finally fit to rule them like a chiefs son was supposed to. He knew then he couldn't keep pretending to be one of them, he had to leave and find a place where he could live in peace with Toothless; a place where dragons weren't persecuted and he would be able to be himself, not a cruel savage with nothing more in his head than killing and meat.<p>

"That's it buddy, we're leaving." He said in a monotone, fiddling with the last buckle on his harness. He checked his sack once more with all he thought he'd need before looking up. "Buddy? Are you there?"

That was when he saw Astrid perched on top of a boulder, sharpening her axe with a whetstone. That wasn't threatening at all, he said to himself, fearing for his feet in case she casually dropped it blade down.

"As-Astrid, hi! What are you doing here?" He hoped it was anything other than what his gut was telling him; she was onto him.

"I want to know what's going on." She rolled her shoulders back and dropped from the boulder; her axe blade sharper than a dagger, the shine impeccable in the fading light. "Nobody gets as good as you do, especially you." The last line directed her blade a bit too close to his neck for his liking. He stumbled back, nervous at the irritated shield maiden in front of him; however all he could manage was stammers when she demanded he start talking.

"Have you been training with someone? Is this what all this is about? It better not be." She turned, inspecting his outfit. Her eyes narrowed but she couldn't figure it out. For once Hiccup spied a chance, the advantage he gained through using his brain for more than battle tactics.

"Oh yeah, you caught me, through with the lies, you're right!" Hiccup said hurriedly, hoping Toothless had enough sense to stay hidden while Astrid's blade was out and near. He stepped in front of her quickly, babbling like a brook. "I've been making these training outfits-"

She spotted something over his shoulder and gasped, pushing him out of the way, squinting in the sunlight. Hiccup jumped up, "You know they really give me some extra dexterity, all you need to do-" She twisted his grip off her shoulder pad, then hit him with the blunt end of her axe, causing him to yelp and stumble back again out of range. He directed a few complaints towards her which went unheard by the fierce young woman; not that it did much good as they both heard a deep gravelled noise. Astrid's eyes were wide and Hiccup knew he had lost his advantage.

"Night Fury! Get down!" Astrid ran backwards, throwing an arm across him and knocking them both to the ground.

Hiccup saw Toothless snarling, leaping towards them with the narrowed look in his eyes he got when confronted with blades. He turned to grab for Astrid's axe but she was already up and running from the dragon.

"Run Hiccup!" Astrid turned and spun into a perfect stance to sink her axe into her foe. Hiccup would have appreciated her concern for him, but he knew it was only because she thought of him as a fellow Viking. It only took a second to break that last remnant of trust she had towards him.

Toothless lunged for her- and so did Hiccup. "Don't hurt him!" He grabbed her axe and threw her to the ground, wrenching the axe out of her hands to spin across the clearing. Toothless landed a few feet short of the pair; Hiccup using Astrid's momentary bewilderment to calm Toothless down, his words soft and soothing.

"It's okay! It's okay Toothless! She's not going to hurt you. Calm down buddy! Down, down."

Toothless still bared his fangs at the girl as she stumbled to her feet, but he made no move to leap as Hiccup stood between the young woman and dragon. "It's okay now Astrid, you just scared him."

"I scared him?" She exclaimed, her voice high and trembling. The growling from the large black beast was getting to her as she backed away. "What are you talking about Hiccup? Who is him?"

Hiccup was nervous, wondering if he should take the chance. Her axe was across the clearing, but she wasn't making a move to run for it. He kept a firm grip on Toothless as he spoke slowly, patting his friend in an attempt to stop him from being so threatening. Astrid looked terrified, but what could he expect when he had just disarmed her in front of a wild animal?

He took the chance, stepping away from Toothless; his heart beating fast as Toothless rose up on his hindquarters. "Astrid, Toothless. Toothless, Astrid." He tried to be direct but Toothless hissed, spittle flying from his jaws as the dragon stared down Astrid. His heart sank when he looked back to Astrid.

There it went, the last iota of trust he had from her was gone. She was speechless, terrified, hurt, but mostly she was betrayed. A whole lifetime of being told dragons were evil and had to be killed on sight, and somehow he thought introducing her to one while it was snarling at her would be his in to the rest of them? He'd already decided to go, what made her different?

He knew what it was. He had hoped she was different because she was clever, but clever didn't equal smart. Still, Hiccup grabbed for her arm as she turned to run. "Astrid! You have to trust me, everything we know about them is wrong!" His thin arms grasped at her, trying to persuade her not to run. Astrid's mind was already made up as she punched him, knocking his other hand away with the guards on her forearms. He fell to the ground stunned. "Astrid!"

She climbed up the side of the cliff face, not saying a word as she ran from the deadly Night Fury and its purple flames. Hiccup had no choice but to watch her retreat, he grasped at his knees and cursed as she disappeared between the trees. He felt Toothless behind him, probably rolling his eyes and padding off to try and get more fish before they left.

"Well, that went well." He remarked, trying to keep his thoughts clear. He saw Toothless turning from the corner of his eye. He clambered up, "Oh no, don't you go away. We're going after her." Hiccup knew it was in vain though. The tree cover was too thick to grab her without snagging the harness on branches and toppling over. It also was foolish to assume Astrid would listen to anything he wanted to say; she was stubborn and loyal to the Vikings. Astrid was the best Viking of her generation, and like all Vikings she was inflexible and solved her problems with a sword, not a pencil.

The irritated look he got from Toothless confirmed his line of thinking. Astrid would bring the village down on them; it had to be tonight they fled. If they waited any longer they would be caught, and it might not be the Monstrous Nightmare Hiccup would be forced to face in the ring.

With a sigh Hiccup looked up the cliff face with regret. Not for running away, but that he wouldn't be able to change their minds. He loved his dad, he loved Gobber, Hell he could have loved Astrid, but none of them would love him enough to listen to him. Call it intuition, but one small fishbone in their teeth wouldn't stop them from making a feast. Or, one small boy couldn't stop hundreds of years of Viking tradition. Hiccup just grabbed his sack, throwing it over his shoulders as he mounted up onto Toothless.

One last look up the cliff face and he nodded. "Ready Toothless? This time tomorrow you and I will be flying freer than birds." Toothless made a noise of indignation; Hiccup rolled his eyes, clipping himself into the saddle. "That's why I said 'free-er', I know dragons are far superior to the flying feather dusters." Toothless preened and let Hiccup do the last minute checks. And with one nudge of his leg, unfolding the tailfin with a practiced gesture they were off.

They rose quickly, their speed unrivalled as they met the sunset coloured clouds in seconds. The boy and his dragon found the air tunnel, one warm breeze amongst the chilling ice winds of the Barbarian archipelagos. The temperatures bit through his leggings but Hiccup urged Toothless on; the two friends flying far, far away from

the place he once called home. He looked back, but the clouds grew so thick that it was pointless. As he said, this time tomorrow, he and Toothless would be a better place, why look back?

Down below, amongst the trees Astrid didn't pause for a second to look above and see the black mark against the pale pink sky. She might have thought it beautiful, if Vikings thought that way. She was too busy however to worry over things like colours or beauty, she didn't even stop to grab her axe, she was set on a single goal: They had to know.

Astrid ignored the branches hitting her face, or the roots which threatened to trip her. Her own body was more loyal to her than any person and did not let her fall. The undergrowth soon faded as she raced across the open grass into the village, vaulting over a sheep towards the Great Hall. She didn't stop until she had thrown open the doors, skidded to a halt before the bonfire, and declared the news for all to hear.

"He's gone!" Her voice rang out over the din of Vikings chewing their gristle, jaws flapping between speech and mastication. A few stopped their eating to listen.

"Who's gone?" Fishlegs asked, a few feet from her with a cup of yak's milk in his hand.

"Hiccup!" Astrid exclaimed. "He's run away and betrayed us all; he's a traitor!"

A ripple of laughter went through the hall at her words. "Hiccup? Astrid, we all know you're jealous he beat you today, but accusing him of something this big is just petty." Gobber chuckled.

"It's true! It's not jealousy or anything like that. I followed him out to the woods to see how he got so good, now I know why. He's not good in the ring because he's trained harder or faster, he's good because he's on their side. Hiccup is harbouring a dragon for months, and now he's run away with it!" Astrid's claims silenced the hall this time; as if they started to remember who had been the undisputed prodigy before Hiccup had started to improve

Stoick stood, the others quieted. "Astrid, these are some serious accusations. Do you have any proof to back this up?"

"Yes! Out by Raven's Point there is a cove. All the proof you need is there." Astrid finally let herself catch her breath.

"Raven's Point?" Ruffnut asked, "Isn't that where Hiccup said he'd shot down a Night Fury months ago?" The murmur got louder.

Astrid nodded. "It was a Night Fury which attacked me today, and instead of letting me bury my axe in its neck Hiccup pushed me out of the way and told me not to hurt it. I could have been killed and Hiccup was more concerned for his pet monster than a fellow Viking."

People sprang to their feet, enraged at the blatant betrayal. Dragons were the enemies and not to be protected, especially over a kinsman. Hiccup had his score of wrong doings, but none where so heinous as choosing a dragon over one of them. It was wrong, against the gods



and nature herself.

Stoick quietened them again. "When I left Astrid, you were the best Berk had to offer the future. Among us you were the most loyal, honest, and bravest. And while I have prayed for the day Hiccup would be as good a dragon slayer as you, your story makes more sense than Hiccup actually getting good." The village was silent as he spoke. "You know what this means if what you say is true?"

"I do." Astrid said solemnly.

The search began. The party sent to Raven Point yielded reports of violet embers and scorch marks among human and dragon footprints. Black scales corroborated Astrid's reports of a Night Fury, along with the tattered remains of a black tailfin half rotted under a tree above the cove. Astrid was confused the beast could even fly before Gobber found a prototype fin in the back of the blacksmith's. Along with that, Hiccup had also taken the Book of Dragons.

Vikings weren't ones for reading, but of all books the one they cared most for was their manual, their handbook, the one book that was a mental shield against dragons. When Hiccup took the Book of Dragons he took their whole history of dragons; every tip and trick to defeating them was in that book. Even if Fishlegs and Gobber protested they had memorized it the fact remained Hiccup stole it; almost as if he wanted them weakened in the face of dragons. All the evidence: the stolen book, the new tailfin, the harbouring of an enemy, and Astrid's testimony of betrayal culminated in a near riot in the Great Hall. Hiccup had a Night Fury in his grasp, but instead of using his blade, he spat on centuries of Vikings to join the devils.

"Silence!" Stoick yelled, quietening the roar to a dull din in the echoing hall. "From this day forth Hiccup is banished for his crimes against all Vikings. He is stripped of all birthrights, his name, and the honour of calling himself a Viking. If Hiccup ever returns, he will be put to death. All of you witnessed this; now see to it that you remember it. Tomorrow Astrid will take the traitor's place and do what real Vikings do: kill the dragon."

Astrid was the first to raise her arm and yell, "Aye!" A hundred voices rose with her. Aye! Aye! Aye.

Only then, after the boy she had once known had been denounced and sentenced to die did Astrid look up; but the black mark was already far away, so high that she couldn't even see him if she tried. She went back to her house to sharpen her axe, which had been retrieved by the search party, and prepare for her match tomorrow at daybreak.

Hiccup did not know what had been said but it didn't matter; they were two worlds now, and the only place to go was forward.

### 3. Khaleesi

**\*\*Title: \*\*\_Northern Fire\_**

**\*\*Crossover: \*\*George R.R Martin's \_A Song of Ice and Fire\_ & Dreamwork's \_How to Train Your Dragon\_**

**\*\*Summary:** \*\*How fitting the Mother of Dragons would be aided by the Tamer of Dragons; her children need no taming, but there is no doubt the two of them were a legend in the making.

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\*** I had to work a little harder on Dany's introduction than I did on Hiccup's chapter, if only because her universe is a lot more complex. I must state beforehand a couple explicit things: I will not write like George R.R. Martin so please do not accuse me of 'dumbing it down'. I must also stress that nothing from A Dance With Dragons will be included, so beyond some general hints about the city from Wikipedia most of Meereen will be based on ancient Mesopotamia, not content from the books. Why Mesopotamia? I think their pyramids, mathematics, and advanced language are a good fit for what I want to do with this story.

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><p><strong><em>Chapter 2: Khaleesi<em>**
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><p>Her sleep was disturbed, dreams passing unnoticed but somehow still allowing the nightmares to slip into her thoughts. They were not enough to wake her or the handmaidens who guarded the foot of her bed, but still she woke restless with smudges of worry beneath her eyes. She was the blood of the dragon; only through strength would she overcome her worries. But how could she bring peace to Slaver's Bay if she could not bring peace to her own mind?<p>

Daenerys let herself be dressed in violet silk, her braid fixed with its silver bells tinkling softly when she moved. Then she was led into the audience chamber of her Meereen court, the largest hall in the Great Pyramid she now called home. From here her council would meet and she would rule wisely and justly. The other councils she had left in the other cities had fallen apart. Officially she was the Queen of Astapor, and Yunkai, but they were already reverting to their old ways, as if she had not broken the chains of their slaves and set them free from bondage. Her birthrights lay across the sea, but here is where she would start her empire one step at a time.

As she entered the room her minuscule council stood. They were all gathered along the walls in chairs plainer than the one on the dais in the center of the room. Dany nodded to each one, acknowledging them before taking her seat in the red sandstone throne of Meereen. Order was settled quickly as her three bloodriders stood watch, fiercer than anything the Meereenian nobles could muster now that she had dissolved their slave pits. On her shoulders was Drogon, his wings curled around her neck and his tail circling her other arm. He was too large to perch so he lounged like an elegant lady in her silks.

"My Queen," the Meereenian noble bowed to her. The jewels on his robe were richer than she had expected for one who had just had his city sacked and his slaves stripped from him. He seemed to be the appointed leader of the council, at least the council which had not fled or been killed in her conquering.

"You may speak." Her voice carried across the room; she would have been impressed with the echo had the noble not interrupted the

reverberations.

"It pleases us unworthy ones that you sit in on the council today. We have not had a queen before and it a welcome experience." Dany doubted that, but she let him continue. Interest was high to see how these rich men would react to their wild queen; she was refined but to them she expected all they saw was a horselord's widow from the Dothraki Sea, smeared with blood and anger. Not that they were wrong, but it would be prudent to act more regal in case these powdered halfwits sought to oppose her. The Unsullied would deal with them, but at what cost to their force?

"I am glad you think so. I plan for great things to come of this city and the others under my protection." Daenerys told the man. She straightened up in her throne, wishing she had worn her crown. "What is your name?"

The man bowed, his jewels twinkling in the yellow sunlight from the windows. "I am Nareen Mayabanni. I am the head councillor of Meereen and will handle the day to day affairs of the council. My family is an old house and we own many farms outside the city walls. I hope to serve you well." Surprisingly she did not hear any resentment in his voice, despite the fact she must have taken what was once his job as head of the city. Dany wondered if 'day to day' meant he expected her to be a figurehead in her own kingdom; that would not stand.

"I would like to hear more of your farms, and of your family once we depart this chamber Nareen Mayabanni." Dany's voice held the authority she hoped it would, with enough strength to enforce who was the ruler here. He was a councillor, nothing more.

"May we begin your grace?" Nareen asked. Dany nodded and let him introduce each council member, their names and families followed by the role they played in the council. Many seats were empty, not explained besides the roles that were needed to be filled. No names were mentioned besides those who stood there. Nareen was wise in trying not to make his new queen feel guilty; she would simply cut him out if he tried to incite rebellion.

The last man who stood to be introduced was elderly and hook nosed. He had a long curling black beard which was parted far enough to show his slender lips, thin like a rat's tail. His voice was quick and nimble, his tongue silver as he introduced himself. "And I am Aanepada Eti, your grace. I was in charge of the slave trade but now I suppose the welfare of the freemen in my prerogative now that your grace has seen fit to remove the morally repugnant industry from our great city."

"Is that so?" She asked; she would have raised her eyebrows if she was not keeping herself regally composed. She wished to have Drogon leap from her shoulders and burn this man alive where he stood, however this was not how a proper Queen dealt with those she felt unpleasant. He could be useful. A tongue like his could never go amiss.

"Yes. I only wish to serve and hope that my talents shall be put to a more fitting use in the service of Meereen. I was born outside these city walls just like others in this room." He nodded politely to Daenerys. "Yet I still love this city very much and wish to offer my gifts in a more fitting way which honours the traditions of the

divine and mundane." She noticed that unlike his companions he carefully omitted any titles when he spoke to her. No 'my ladys' or 'your grace'. He spoke to her as if he was an equal, and yet still kept courtesy in his voice at all times. How infuriating.

"Your wishes are heard Aanepada Eti." Daenerys said, enjoying the echo of her voice once again. "As Queen of Meereen I would wish you aid your fellow councilmen in whatever they see fit until a proper position is found for you."

Another councilman bowed on creaky legs and a withered spine, it was Urumanpan Turitu who was in charge of trade. "Your grace, if I may be as bold as so suggest something? Councilman Eti is a well travelled man, often going outside of our walls to find the finest goods. May his talents simply be redirected to a new trade good? I am only one man who is getting advanced in years; may I divert my attention to our land based trades while my compatriot take his ships to find the finest goods to befit a queen of your station?"

Dany smiled at the old man, she liked his words and the solution he offered. "How ingenious Councilman Turitu. To use his gifts for a much more noble purposeâ€¦ yes I agree this is a good plan. Aanepada Eti, I say from now on you shall regulate and monitor our sea faring trade. You shall always come back to report to this council however every month, if you are unable to you must send a messenger."

Eti bowed deeply to Dany and to Turitu. "Both are wise and decisive. I accept the responsibility. I will serve well."

Dany saw Nareen about to speak when the doors burst open to reveal a young nobleman in rich robes of red and yellow. His long dark curls lay about his shoulders in disarray as he raised a knife.

"It's all you! The white ghost! Sitting on my father's rightful seat like a queen when you are nothing more than a slut in silk and fire!" He shrieked, rushing past the councilmen's seats with the blade.

Dany's eyes went wide and was about to order Drogon into action, the dragon's wide wings already rising up to the challenge as he shrieked his own battle-cry in return. She stood up, her hands pushing out in front of her as the man rushed forward. "I command you stop!"

The command was unheeded, although Dany felt almost pleased when Drogon didn't even have to move. The nobleman's head was already departed from his shoulders, rolling through the air to land at her feet. Her bloodrider's sword was red and she understood. She thanked him silently and he understood. The council around her was silent, so was Councilman Eti who looked like he wished to say something but was holding back.

Dany looked down at the head at her feet. "Who was this who dared threaten the life of their queen?"

Nareen looked pale as he raised his golden ringed hand. "My sonâ€¦"

Dany said nothing in response. Her heart went out to him silently though. She had almost counted him as an ally, and his face was genuine as he started to make excuses about how little he knew of his

son's apparently treasonous thoughts. She regarded the other councilmen silently as Nareen got on one knee, pleading for mercy to his family and requesting no more shame be brought on his name. After all, his son had just been beheaded before his eyes; which given the situation, Nareen was doing the right thing by not breaking into crying, he was staying strong. She admired that in a man.

"Please my queen, I beg that you show clemency. I did not know of this and-" Her bloodriders tightened their grips on their weapons, the whole room alight with thought as the young man lay bloody on the ground. It was almost like he'd just been pushed over it was so strange.

Dany raised a hand. "Do not fear. I am not to be a queen who punishes one for the sins of another. The example has been made and your son shall serve as a sign to all those who wish harm against the rule of the Unburnt." She smiled beautifully. "However as your queen I must warn you if it is discovered you shared in this crime then I will have no choice in the matter." She tried to tinge the words with just the right amount of venom to make it sting.

Nareen was still pale but he bowed slowly, his mind obviously on fire with the events that just transpired. Dany made for the body be prepared according to Meereenian custom, whatever that may be, but ordered the head be set on the side of the Great Pyramid's gate for one week before joining the body. Drogon croaked on her shoulder, enforcing the order merely by his presence. Dany stroked his neck tenderly as the council members had no choice but to accept their queen's version of clemency.

The council was quickly adjourned after that; whispers already starting about the loyalty of the Mayabannis, and everyone dispersed with hasty reminders to continue the meeting the next morning. This was merely the third of what would be numerous attempts on her life, already she was jaded about it. Would it be like this for the rest of her life? Allies birthing traitors and traitors turning ally? She did not know if that meant she could trust everyone or no one. Of course that was the risk of becoming a powerful ruler, people envied power and wished to take it for themselves. Dany had never been so glad for the Dothraki customs, that meant she at least had her khalaras to rely on in the days to come.

In her own walk back to her chambers Daenerys realized that the difference between allies and her khalaras was indeed the true struggle she faced. She knew how to be khaleesi but being a queen was much harder. People were not bound by blood like they were with the Dothraki. She heard the whispers around Pentos and now around the hallways in her new city that being one of the horse people was uncivilized, but having undying loyalty was not so bad come to think of it. If you were one of them that wasâ€¦ She could see now that despite the freedom her reign would bring it would also be a struggle being queen, so many things she did not have to deal with before like politics, diplomacy, and patience. A dragon did not need any of these things, but a queen did.

Being khaleesi was much like being a dragon, it suited her once she became accustomed to the rough and saddled life. Now she would have to readjust and find a way to make all love her, not fear and hate, but respect and admire her. She enjoyed being loved, it was like being mother to every single subject, something she would never feel

outside of her beautifully scaled children. Nothing of flesh could be hers, but a whole nation of flesh could be her kingdom of fire and love.

She was being idealistic for the moment; burning them to a crisp would be effective enough but already her cities were rebelling in the south because of that plan. Without love there was only fear, and as she had seen with the three failed assassinations thus far none of them loved her. Drogon nuzzled his head into her neck, his scales cutting her soft skin. That was the love she needed, bleeding love. They would hurt themselves for her, throw away their lives her for her, not raise their blades to her. She needed to be their queen, but also their khaleesi.

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><p><em>End Note:<em>

><strong>Nareen Mayabanni<strong> is the head of the council, a wealthy farm owner and father to the man who attempted to kill Dany at the morning meeting.

><strong>Aanepada Eti<strong> is the ex-head of the slave trade, now he is simply a seas trade specialist.

><strong>Urumanpan Turitu<strong> is the councilman in charge of general trade.

#### 4. Dire

**Title: Northern Fire**

**Crossover: George R.R Martin's A Song of Ice and Fire & Dreamwork's How to Train Your Dragon**

**Summary: How fitting the Mother of Dragons would be aided by the Tamer of Dragons; her children need no taming, but there is no doubt the two of them were a legend in the making.**

**Author's Note:** I'm quite sorry about the amount of time this took to put up. I just recently got a surge of inspiration and was able to complete a new update for my sci-fi style comic at the expense of Northern Fire. However this does not mean either project is at jeopardy of being eclipsed by the other due to the fact I don't have homework, doodles, or other things now; just Northern Fire and Escape.

I'm trying to stay away from the extended camping trip feel that Hiccup's journey might invoke, after all I'm not planning to pan back to Berk anytime soon. I may be drawing inspiration from Hitchups but ultimately this is a story revolving around Dany and Hiccup, not Hiccup and his old home. As said in the last chapter, he's moving forward not backwards.

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><p><strong><em>Chapter 3: Dire<em>

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><p>Hiccup's flight was lengthy, days blurring into weeks before he even thought of keeping a calendar. But even by that time he'd been

too preoccupied with his compass to remember if he'd slept for a few hours or a few days. All he knew was he wanted to get out of the Barbaric Archipelagos, putting them and all the trouble he caused behind him. Back there he was the useless son of a chief, out here he was just a boy with his best friend.<p>

The ice below them was a never ending sea; literally as the ocean was frozen solid for ten feet down. Hiccup actually measured with a rope when Toothless landed and they were fishing through the ice. At least it wasn't the Hail Season. Berk blissfully was often untouched by the worst of the weather because of the dragon attacks, the flames ironically melting any skyward freezing; but Hiccup remembered those years when he was a little boy, his mother still alive to rip the wings off a Gronkle with one hand; there'd been hail the size of anvils some days. At the moment though it seemed he'd just be forcing his way into a snow storm, but it was better than what he'd left behind.

Toothless was the type of dragon to keep competition away. The few times they had run into other dragons on their flight Toothless had shot them down so effortlessly that Hiccup questioned if he'd even thought about it. Honestly at this point it was all up to Toothless what would happen next, their protection, travel, and flight determined by the overgrown lizard's temperament. After all at first Hiccup had nudged him forward with the tailfin into the warmest air currents, but Toothless still controlled the rest of his body and took off in loop-de-loops just to shake up the boy's sense of direction. Hiccup scowled at Toothless' smug grin, allowing the fun. Still he had to let a smile through once or twice, after all they were free to do whatever they wanted, and Hiccup wasn't going to try to change Toothless. You didn't do that to the people you love.

There was a sense of adventure to living on the ice. They had regrettably left the ocean behind long ago, but that didn't change the fact they were making fires out of twigs. Those twigs were the tops of trees which were sticking out of the top of the layer of ice from what could only be an ancient glacial tsunami or something. It was exciting, a sense of elation that seemed to keep going despite the endless nothingness.

That excitement however didn't last very long as it reached what Hiccup suspected was a third month of snow storms, blizzards, lack of warm food, and something other than Toothless' sarcastic remarks. He swore he could almost understand that scaly best friend of his. He knew it was just prolonged exposure to the tics of his friend's wordless personality, but every time Hiccup went off on one of his tangents about what they'd find in the south it was obvious Toothless wasn't just looking upwards. He did love the lizard though, the only one who would stick by him regardless of the conditions they faced.

South didn't seem any warmer than it was in Berk, though Hiccup knew at some point they would run into a beach or a sandstorm, maybe it was just a matter of getting out of the wintry north. Though after all these months of flying over the ocean he wasn't sure if they were even heading south anymore.

There were times he wondered if he should go back, face his father and all the wrongs he'd heaped upon his home. Then he remembered he'd

taken the Book of Dragons and left them without the basis of all their knowledge against their enemies. He just hoped Astrid was able to fend them off, she and Fishlegs had memorized that thing back to front.

He didn't know why he took the book. It's not like he could contribute anything new to it. The last of the dragons had been spotted two months ago, a Skrill which was flying so quickly north Toothless didn't even bother with it. It seemed dragons didn't like it down south, the only thing they'd encountered were caribou and moose, no scales or talons to speak of or fend off. Hiccup didn't think the book held much use down in this seemingly dragon free zone. Human free as well.

Though even on the disheartening moments Hiccup knew what he was doing felt right when it was just the cold air in his face and the rushing wind under Toothless' belly. The journey was silent in the air, though when they landed Hiccup chattered like a squirrel and curled under Toothless' wing, falling asleep to the sound of the big dragon purring. They kept warm that way, through the dragon fire in the middle of the icy forest.

The thicker the woods got the more life they seemed to encounter. The frozen ocean at least had fish but the bare tundra had been full of nothingness except for the tips of trees. The ice got lower and lower the farther they went south, more animals coming into view and creating an ambience of growing excitement. Every time Hiccup heard a twig break and a snow rabbit would poke it's nose up the boy just had to smile, wrapped in his furs around the violet campfire. Toothless would then ruin the moment by biting the animal's head off, chewing thoughtfully before offering the bottom half to his rider. Hiccup could only roll his eyes and skin the creature to jerk it for later.

They did find some frightening things though: a couple deer frozen solid with their throats slashed, a cave of obsidian with black blood smeared across it's floor, a red and white tree with a bleeding face, and a circle of dead folk which disappeared a moment after their backs were turned. Those were the first humans Hiccup had encountered in three months, and they were dead. He had no idea what these southerners thought they were doing but he prayed to Thor for strength to avoid any of their troubles. The blood red leaves of what he didn't know were weirwoods rustled in the wind when he said his prayer. Hiccup shivered, and not from the cold.

He was not afraid of course when he encountered another circle of these frozen people, their limbs dry and brittle from the ice encasing them. He'd seen human sacrifice before in some of the western clans. They thought it prudent to offer Freyr nine of their youngest children for fair weather and harvest every summer at their Solstice festival. Hiccup had thrown up after seeing it, though they went every year to keep good relations with the Ugg Calls so Hiccup had little issue with the circles. He didn't like the idea that these people down South did the same as the Ugg Calls but unbeknownst to him it was something far worse than human sacrifice.

It was the fourth month when Hiccup finally started feeling the temperatures rise for him. He was able to shed a single fur, though he was still bundled up tight against Toothless at night. The fourth month was also when he saw the horizon blocked off by a glittering



wall of ice. It seemed like a lifetime away but where there was a wall there were people, people who might have a washing basin.

Most of the time he and Toothless were flying, but as Toothless was nocturnal (he'd soon discovered the Night Fury lived up to it's name) they slept at sunrise and woke at sunset. Not many creatures found their ways to them as they blended in too well with the white and black. When they did land to sleep the most dangerous creatures were just rising and didn't go near the dragon they seemed to think was just a large boulder. It was when they looked for food that they were most venerable, picking about at sunset for morsels of breakfast or hitting the evergreens as they landed at sunrise for a dinner of birds and eggs.

"Come on buddy." Hiccup complained as they landed, crashing through the trees because Toothless was too tired to care. Hiccup tumbled off his back onto the ground, branches caught in his harness and twigs in his hair. "If you wanted me to make a fire I could have collected the wood \_any other way\_." Toothless curled up and yawned, almost telling Hiccup to do it anyway. Hiccup sighed and let the dragon do what he wanted, piling the branches into a proper tent to start a fire with. He didn't even bother letting Hiccup take the bags off the saddle before preparing for his snooze.

"Hang on, I think I lost my flint in the fall." Hiccup said, looking about in the light dusting of snow on the ground to find the grey stones. This was one thing he wouldn't let Toothless set on fire, he usually blew the whole fire pit up instead of just igniting it. Hiccup stood, casting his eyes about for the flint. "Ah yak nuggets, they must have fallen out higher up. Give me a second, I'll find them."

The fact they landed at sunrise was good. The light was only increasing so Hiccup could get more light to find the precious flint; however Toothless was so tired that he didn't think to follow his lack limbed rider into the underbrush as the boy strayed farther and farther from camp. With every step he got a little more out of earshot of his dragon, a ripe bone for the picking for the dark grey howls which were just as tired and hungry as the two friends were.

"Hey I found them!" Hiccup exclaimed loudly, thrusting his hand into the air. The flint was just darker than the snow it had fallen into, but it wasn't an ordeal to find. His grin was large as he straightened up, looking over his shoulder back towards camp. The wind wasn't very loud this close to the ground, the breeze caught in the taller branches. It was almost silent in the forest with the snow insulating every footstep.

The underbrush rustled. Hiccup's eyes cast about; he turned about quickly on the spot. "Buddy?" He asked aloud. There was no answer except for the far off whistle of the wind far above his head. He gulped. "Toothless?" He raised his voice a little, the silent growing ominously.

A crunch of snow compacting came from the left. Hiccup spun, the deep drifts making it hard to maneuver. Another crunch came from the right. Hiccup's heart clenched, knowing his friend was fast but not nearly that quick. Thrusting the flint into his pocket Hiccup gathered up whatever courage he had and ran for the camp. The

movement stirred his predators into action.

Three shapes, dark grey like a storm struck from different angles. Hiccup could only see fur as they bowled him over, their coats blurring together as they fought over which one would tear his small frame into bite sized pieces. "Toothless!" Hiccup screamed, thrashing his arms about, trying to claw his way free. His next shout wasn't a word though, only pain as he felt teeth shredding into his feet, his calf loosing all feeling in a moment.

The feeling ended almost as soon as it started. The shriek of a dragon cut off the growling and snarling above the young rider, the furry blurs disappearing, taking shreds of Hiccup's flesh with them. Toothless roared again, fangs bared and spittle flying in a hiss after the dark grey assailants. Hiccup couldn't focus on either side of the fight though; his vision was fading as he felt himself wanting to pass out. A nudge from his side told him to keep alert.

"Toothless?" He asked sleepily, his voice sounded faint in his own ears. The dragon's own ears were pressed flat to his skull, twitching up when his eyes met Hiccup's. The green irises were almost pleading for the small boy to stay away, stay conscious for just a moment longer. If he could think beyond the numbing pain Hiccup might have gone into a soliloquy about how useless he was without Toothless; always needing a companion to keep him out of trouble. It was a little like back in Berk where nothing ever went right around them; he supposed it was just a matter of time before he started being a burden on his only friend. Toothless would understand what he was saying, rolling his eyes and knocking the boy forward in a play fight, agreeing but telling the boy not to be so hard on himself. But now was not a time for joking about.

Hiccup smiled blearily. "I'm kind of useless without you huh buddy? Can't even fight off a pack of dumb furballs?"

Toothless answered with a low rumble from his throat, worry of a dragon. He slipped his black head under the small boy, trying to get him to stand. Hiccup pressed a weak hand to the top of Toothless's skull and tried to support himself but one look downwards at below his waist made him weak, fighting the urge to vomit. The only thing holding him back was the fact he couldn't find the energy to.

The creatures had shredded his calves, the bones poking through the leggings and red muscles. The snow below was stained deep red. He saw his bones able to keep his weight supported, but he couldn't feel anything, couldn't force them to move. It was like they weren't even there, just slabs of ham carved up for a feast back home.

Hiccup's throat tightened, the words barely making it out. "Soã€| muchã€| bloodã€|" He fainted onto the saddle.

The boy wasn't aware that Toothless pressed his wings upwards to keep his friend on his back; nor did he know he had just been attacked by a direwolf named Summer, acting with a pack of lesser wolves on the instincts of his master. Hiccup barely thought, barely dreamed as his friend carried him swiftly through the trees on impossibly fast legs. For now he could only run; they were both grounded now. Grounded to a land they knew nothing about, but heading towards the destination Hiccup'd been babbling about for the past three days: The Wall.

## 5. Lesson

**Title: Northern Fire**

**Crossover: George R.R. Martin's A Song of Ice and Fire & Dreamwork's How to Train Your Dragon**

**Summary: How fitting the Mother of Dragons would be aided by the Tamer of Dragons; her children need no taming, but there is no doubt the two of them were a legend in the making.**

**Author's Note:** Back to Dany this chapter and a sidenote on characterization. I found Dany a difficult character in some points because her chapters often confused me, not having other POVs to fill in the blanks of events. After all for Ned we also get POVs from Arya, Bran, and Sansa to fill in the events fully, but with Dany there is a little less understanding on what goes on. So I watched the HBO series to gain a little visual insight into her character and hope to use it to get a better understanding of her and how to balance her almost cheesy lines with some grounding.

Additionally I want to reiterate this story is a crossover between a children's movie and an adult's book series, I am creating a middle ground of style, mood, and content; obviously I am not George R.R. Martin and I have no aspirations to write a brick of a book, I just want to tell a story of a boy, a girl, and their dragons.

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<p><strong><em>Chapter 4: Lesson <em>

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>p>Dany's steps were followed by her blood riders, each one standing guard as she made her way into a richly coloured brick and stone room. The acting antechamber to her personal quarters was as garnish as it was expensive, created especially for the new ruler by some over-eager ex-slave women from the textile district. They had hoped that if they made her happy she would reward them; they were right as Dany gave them each a golden bracelet for their work after she learned they had used their own materials to decorate the room. The merchants they had served called it theft, but a quick reminder was given that a freedom gift was the compensation for the years of toil at the hands of merciless men like them, Dany was pleased to see the women chose to spend their freedom gift on her.<p>

Of course these women were in the minority, even after two days in the city whispers of unrest were swirling like a rainstorm in the middle of the sea. The raindrops reached the coast and waves crashed against her shores, these women were the seashells which washed up, nice but nothing more than just that. She would need to either build a sea wall or wait the storm out.

The garishly coloured room had a number of plush cushions to rest upon; this was where Ser Barristan was seated, rising when she entered the room. He bowed deeply in Westerosi fashion, as he tended to do, unaccustomed to the Dothraki or Meereenian ways. Dany herself knew not much of the Meereenian custom, but of what she had seen so

far they were proud and defiant, she doubted they would ever bow as deeply as Barristan insisted upon. She wondered how it was that a man who was technically free his whole life bowed deeper than an ex-slave; perhaps that question would be answered when she saw first hand what kind of yolk the usurpers had put upon her people, so heavy it made the strongest men fall to their knees in disgrace.

"My queen." The knight said, loud enough she did not need to come closer to hear him. She decided to sit down next to him anyways, motioning for him to join her. One of her blood riders stood watch while the others went to guard the door. A serving girl was already next to Barristan, pouring fig wine into a pair of goblets and placing a bowl of dates next to the cushions.

"Ser Barristan, I trust this day greets you well." She smiled at him warmly, letting him take her hand but not kiss it. She was looking forward to the start of her lessons in Westerosi customs, firstly the history she had only learned of through second hand whispers and her brother's sadly distorted view of their family tree. She had known the Targaryens were great, no man could dispute that, but their downfall was something she needed much more knowledge of if she was to prevent its second coming. The man was not perfect, but he had proved his loyalty to her even if he was slow to realize she was not a typical queen.

"Very well my Queen." He answered. Without the beard that had graced his face while travelling he looked ten years younger, less harsh and more like the noble blooded knight he truly was. He presented a handsome enough picture, although most of the glory she admitted came from the Queensguard armour he wore. It made a stark contrast to his pale face and hair. The charcoal black leather was stunning with the inlaid blood red insignia on the chest. It was one of the few things that had been commissioned from the trades people of the city so far. She'd decided to have those in her service wear the mark of her family, showing her true heritage and the true root of her claim. "I have heard of the misfortunate meeting this morning."

"It was not the meeting which was unfortunate, merely the interruption." Dany replied coolly. She was honest about the encounter, already coming to expect the attempts on her life. She was almost unsettled by the casual nature she was coming to view the actual attempts, now that on this fourth try once again no harm had come to her. Though still she eyed the fig wine as she spoke, glad she recognized the bottle from one of the personal stores she had amassed in the past few days. She pressed her lips together, moistening them as she took a sip from the offered goblet. More visible strength may be needed to convince the Meereenian of her right to rule than even the feats she had to display to the Dothraki. It was daunting to say the least.

Ser Barristan already was sipping at his own wine as soon as she had pressed it to her lips. He looked impressed, "An interruption? Many would ask for the entire family's heads on spikes and covered in tar just for sharing blood with a traitor. For someone with such conviction in their future I would have expected more than a sigh and a single death."

"As I told Councilman Nareen, I can not punish a person for who their family is or what they choose to do. The man was not a child and has his own mind, and that mind sought to kill me for something as simple

as taking his city. It was a waste but you can agree Ser Barristan that it would be doubly foolish to make an enemy of the whole family when they control the head seat on my council." She ran a finger along the rim of her goblet thoughtfully.

"You do know you could simply dispose of the entire family and appoint a new head of council." Ser Barristan countered.

Dany smiled, he was playing along splendidly. "And create even more dissent over who I pick? The nobility will see this as a merciful move and pity Councilman Nareen on how we all must look down on him now."

"Shame by example? My queen you are learning quickly." Ser Barristan sounded impressed. He took another deep swallow of the fig wine, the deep colour staining his tongue. He turned serious, "But I do caution you on who you pick as an ally in that chamber. This man Nareen may be the object of pity but he may see it as scorn if he is proud. Breaking a man's spirits may only make him as desperate as a cat in a sack, clawing at anything to escape his situation. You cannot trust anyone."

"Not even you Ser Barristan?" She asked, surprised at his words.

He nodded, "Not a soul. Every person you meet has their own agendas and wants. I wish to serve you, but it is all to restore my honour and what little chivalry I have left after serving the Lannisters. The people in the streets will support you because they see you as saving them, but once they get distressed in the slightest they will blame you and demand false justice. Your councilmen will serve you for power, for gold, even for personal favours they think they can pry from you."

"I know the minds of men Ser Barristan, I see what they want from me the minute their eyes leave my face." She said almost too quickly, biting out the words at the member of her Queensguard. It was wise advice she was no doubt hearing simply because of the betrayal of Ser Jorah. Barristan may sound the fool warning her from any allies, but in truth he was telling her to keep them all at arms length, playing them as they hoped to play her. She knew this already, but as she was wading into gradually more complex situations outside of battle or wits it would come down to more than strength to control these people. They could love her all they wanted, but as Ser Jorah displayed, love could be dangerous.

Ser Barristan looked down, bowing his head. "I had no doubt you were ignorant of it, but my advice still stands. These councilmen see people like you and I as foreigners, you especially as a imperial force they never asked for. It will be difficult to tame them."

"They are not animals, reason and respect is all I will need. I am born to rule." Dany declared. The thought of taming any of her subjects made her quail in disgust, like she was holding the whip above the Unsullied once again. But instead of leading them forward as a queen, she was a master, flaying their skin and letting it fall to the ground like a thousand sheets of paper. No, she would not do that to her people. The only ones to be harmed would be ones which deserved it, and not a shade less.

"So how do you plan to get them to respect you? You have already destroyed their traditional way of life, what else will you change to endear them to you?" He pressed on, curious to know her answer.

Dany felt like she was being tested, like her first lesson had begun long before the conversation and now the exam had come. She placed the goblet on the short table and crossed her ankles daintily, looking straight at the knight. "I did not destroy their traditions; I made them free of archaic thought which placed them as less than they were. They will see how much better their lives are and thank me for it. Every day they take control of their own lives they will further see the wisdom of what I did."

"But what about the men who now have to pay for the labour on their farms, or in their brothels, or even in their homes?" Ser Barristan asked.

She knew what these nobles thought. "I am not begging them, if anything they are now free of a barter system that held back those who could not afford slaves. This way people will want to work for them, they will work harder and better and every noble will see how their people respect them as an enterprise. When someone is free they appreciate all they have, and these nobles will see how much better it is to have freemen instead of slaves." She felt the passion her words ignited in her, words growing stronger. "They will feel ashamed of what they were and what they did, they will see that their queen is right in all she does and why she does it. Their own humanity will appeal to them and I will be there to accept their apologies when they come. The city will prosper and they will owe it all to me."

"A tall prospect from such a small woman." Ser Barristan observed.

Dany looked him straight in the eye, "It will be done. No one will deny that I am their queen when they see what I bring in my hand."

"Blood and fire." She wasn't sure if he was mocking her or simply testing her further.

"The fire burns clean, leaving behind something pure." Dany said clearly, "and the blood is the only water which truly gives life without the poison of salt."

"Well said." He returned, taking another draught from his goblet. "And this is the way you will unite Slaver's Bay?"

"It is the first step." She met his eyes with conviction. "But once the council members are behind me it will fall into place. The problems I had before was they did not believe in me, that will not happen again."

Ser Barristan nodded. She would not back down or march on, if this city burned it would only be from Daenerys's dragons choosing it as their wasteland because there was no hope left in its pyramids and domes. It was clear she was set on ruling and not just conquering, even if her plans were more abstract than thought out. Saying they would come to see her way was idealistic, but not even a speech would save her from an arrow if her blood riders were not quick enough. He could see it all going downhill quickly, and then all her pretty

words would be for nothing. To Dany they were not just words, she knew it would happen. Though if she was honest she was afraid it would take so long she would wait a lifetime to take her birthright back.

"I believe in you my queen, though some men can be stubborn when faced with the truth. The ones stuck in their ways will not follow you too easily. They care about money not morale, and a freeman to them is simply someone to complain and whine to them. No one respects a queen who rules over the disgruntled."

"It will not happen." Dany said firmly. "Eyes are opened everyday, who is to say this city is full of non believers? You can look around and see the intelligence blossoming everywhere. A people who can build a city like this cannot be so behind they reject change everywhere they look."

"A people who built this city on the backs of slaves." Ser Barristan pointed out.

"Slaves who are now free to build what they choose, make what they want instead of what someone else wants." Dany reasoned. She could already see the fruits of labour sitting all around her of ex-slaves who wished to do something on their own, however ostentatious their efforts may be. The hand painted bricks around her and the bright fabrics adorning the room were her point in and of itself, done on the whims of no one else but the textile workers themselves.

"And what if that someone else is you?" Ser Barristan finished his second cup of fig wine, "You have a soft heart but even you can admit kind words can seem tyrannical."

Dany saw what he was doing; forcing her mind to wrap around the complexities this council may throw at her. "They will want to."

Ser Barristan looked intrigued. "And how will you achieve that?"

She smiled at the knight, picking her goblet back up, the shine on it just as bright as the fire in her eyes. "I thought you told me not to trust you."

The blood riders at the door could only hear a peal of laughter, followed by an appreciation of a point well made. From there on in the knight knew it would be more than just a simple lesson in politics he would be giving his queen. A sparring of wits was a much more welcome choice to fill an afternoon, and much more practical an application.

End  
file.